

Ten Nights
In
A Barroom

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM.
??

...Cast...

Joe Morgan-----Lead.
Simon Slade-----Character.
Sample Switchel-----Comedy.
Frank Slade-----Heavy.

Mary Morgan-----Child Lead.
Mehitable Gartright-----Character Comedy.
Mrs Joe Morgan-----Grand Dame Bit.

N.B. (MARY CAN DOUBLE MRS MORGAN LEGITIMATELY)

??

SYN.

ACT ONE....."SICKLE & SHEAR"
Prosperity.

ACT TWO.....HOME OF MORGAN.
Poverty.

ACT THREE....BAR-ROOM.
Death of Slade.

ACT FOUR.....HOME OF MORGAN.
Happiness.

.....KKKKKKKKKKKKKK.....

PROPS.

PAIR OF DICE.	DECK OF CARDS.	SHIRT.	MEDICINE BOTTLES
BAR GOODS.	TWO CIGARS.	TRICK BOTTLE.	BED CLOTHES.
STAGE MONEY.	CANDLE.	GLASS TO THROW.	COT.
NEWS PAPER.	MATCHES.	BOOK. FOR MEHITABLE.	FOOT STOOL.
SIX GLASSES.	TRICK BOTTLE.	LARGE SNAKE. FOR SCENE.	BOOBS SPONGE FOR MARY.

(INTERIOR OF THE SICKLESHARP. SET BAR. L.O.P.C. SET SHELVES. BOTTLES. CIGAR BOX TUMBLERS ETC ON SHELVES. BOTTLES WITH CIDER & WATER IN THEM. TABLE R.C. 2 CHAIRS & STOOL. R.U.E. 4 CIGARS ON SHELF. CHAIR IN FRONT OF BAR. CARDS ON TABLE. DICE & BOX ON BAR. FRANK DISC AT RISE. ARRANGING BOTTLES & WIPING GLASSES. HAS ON A WHITE BAR COAT.)

Slade
(ENTER L.U. AT RISE) Ah Frank, my boy. Busy? (IN SHIRT SLEEVES)

I'm a live wire---I keep busy.

That's right my son, industry must prosper.

(TAKE OFF BAR COAT. PUT ON STREET COAT & HAT. WHICH ARE HANGING BEHIND BAR) Say
Dad, Mrs Brown was here and forbid me selling her husband any more whiskey.
Whats the answer?

It's my business to sell liquor, and I don't want any old woman preaching to me.
(PUT ON APRON. GO BEHIND BAR)

(XS R. LIGHT CIGARET) I only wanted to put you wise. There might be trouble.
(PUT ON HAT & COAT. TAKE UP CANE & X. L)

I'm not looking for trouble, and I won't run away from it. Are you going or
Frank

(AT DOOR) Yes, I'm going to give the girls a treat.

(LAUGH) Well, dont stay away long,

Anything stirring?

I may need you.

Frank
 Alright Dad, I'll be on the job. (EXIT L.U.E. SWAGGERING. SMOKE & SWING CANE)
 Blade

Smart boy! "Chip off of the old block" (POUR OUT DRINK) This is the life. It was a lucky day when I sold the old flour mill. I got tired of hard work, and determined to live an easier life, so, with the money from the mill—I bought this saloon. And I find it an easier life, and if rightly seen after, one in which a man is sure to make money. (DRINK. ENTER SAMPLE. R.U.E.)

(SEARCHING THRU POCKETS) I'm pooty certain I had a quarter, and I cant find it anywhere, couldn't have slipped thru my pockets because there aint a hole bigger than a half a dollar in them. Hello neighbor Slade, how do you endure?

Ab Sample, is that you?

I should say it was. Say Simon, you are a pretty lucky fellow. I should like to throw the dice with you for two drinks.

Well, I'm agreeable.

throw, or New York grab?

First throw, times precious.

Sample
Yes, 'tis to me. I'm dryer than a sap tree in August. Give me the
Well, throw yourself first yourself.

(THROW DICE) 17. Good throw!

Sample.

Sample
Well, I should say so. Well, heres at you. (THROW) 24. How do you like that?
Give me a touch of whiskey.

Slade
You are a lucky fellow Sample.

Sample
Slightly inclined that way, I think myself. You see, I carry a rabbits foot.
I'll go you another.

Slade
No thanks, you're too lucky. But have one on me. (POUR OUT DRINK)

Sample
I dont care if I do. (DRINK) That makes me wish that my throat was a yard long.
It feels so good, all the way down.

Slade
(LAUGH) You are a wonder Sample.

Sample
Theres no mess on me, even if I am a Reuben.

Slade
Have another. (POUR OUT A DRINK)

Sample
I dont care if I do. (DRINK) Do you know Slade, I feel a dern sight smarter arter
drinkin' 4 or 5 things full, than I do without them?

Slade
Good Liquor hurts no man!

Sample
Thats what I preach. And if a feller wanted to leave off, he couldn't nohow.
I'm under your nose and eyes here in Cedarville all the time, and if I dont
think of it myself, someone will for me, and will say "Come Sample and have a
something".

Slade
Have another.

Sample
I dont care---No. I reckon I've got my allowance.

Slade
You're the Dr, Sample. (PUT BACK LIQUOR & GLASS)

Sample
I reckon I know it. What I've swallowed wouldn't start me a hooter. I've been
in the habit of taking my regulars ever since I was weaned. I remember years
ago when Uncle Kreosote Switchell used to bring home the Communion gin, taking
a tumbler after he had tasted it to ascertain its quality running into the
cupboard mixing up a good dose of Molasses with it, and worrying it down just
as natural as an old Toper. Since that time I have had the most awful pain in
my interior organs regular, or about three times a day, and nothing in nature
ever touches the right spot so quickly as a leetle of that self same medecine.
Some times it comes hard to take it, like the old woman said to the eels when
she skinned them---you must grin and bear it. (ELBOW SLIP FROM TABLE) Excuse me.

Slade
Sample, what do you think of this temperance wave that is sweeping the country?

Sample
Dern if I dont believe that they are going to win. Say Slade, old Parson Solu-
man in his sermon last Sunday made a regular Temperance lecture. He said you
were a Son of Satan. A murderer of Soul, and if a man drank enough of your
licker, it would cause him to commit any crime. (SAME BUS OF ELBOW) Excuse me.

Slade
Parson Soluman is crazy!

Sample
I reckon so.

Slade
Those Temperance cranks are carrying things too far. Whats to become of our
personal liberty? Why the nex' thing you know, we shall have a law to fine a
man if he takes a chew of tobacco, or kisses his wife.

Sample
Jest so. There is no telling what they will do. Now theres no Josh Will
whos been keeper of the poor house these 10 years. W... temper

fellers are going to turn him out if they ever get the upper hand in Bolton County.

Slade

IF. That word means a great deal. We must not let them get the upper hand. Every man has a duty to perform, to his country in the matter, and everyone must do his duty. What have they got against your Uncle Josh?

Sample

Nothing in nature--only they say, they are not going to have any poorhouse in the country. (SAME BUS OF ELBOW) Excuse me. (LIFT HAT)

Slade

Going to turn the poor wretches out of doors I suppose?

Sample

No, not that. These Temperances say, if they carry the day, there'll be no need of a poorhouse, and I'm cussed if I don't believe theres something in it. For I never did know a man to go to the poor house, that he hadn't, whiskey to blame for his poverty. You see, I'm interested in the matter. I go in for keeping a poor house, as I think I am travelling that way myself, at a mighty good gate, and I shouldn't like to reach the last mile stone, and find no Uncle Josh there to greet me.

Slade

Have another drink Sample. (PUT OUT TWO GLASSES & BOTTLE)

Sample

Dont care if I do. (POUT DRINK) I aint been so dry since Noah sent around notices for the cattle to hurry up, and get into the ark.

Slade

I'll have one with you. (POUR DRINK)

Sample

Help yourself. (LOOK AT LIQUOR) Heres whiskey Slade. All the hair off your head.

Slade

(LAUGH) (THEY DRINK. JOE MORGAN ENTERS R.U.E. & STAND IN DOOR)

Sample

Do you know Slade, if these Temperance people dont vote you out of business, in 10 years, you will be the richest man in town.

Joe Morgan

If he gets richer, somebody will get poorer.

Slade

Theres one satisfaction I have--I know I am advancing the intrests of Cedarville. Until I opened this place, all vigorous youth had stopped, and we were actually going to seed.

Joe

~~(X TO D. RIGHT U)~~ And the grave-yard too! (XS TO L)

Sample

(XS TO D. RIGHT U) I reckon I'll be moving home. I've got the cow to milk. (STAGGER A LITTLE. ENOUGH FOR A FUNNY WALK & COMIC EXIT. R.U)

Joe

(AT BAR) Come Slade, give me a drink, and theres a dime toward the fortune you are bound to make. (THROW MONEY ON BAR) It's the last one left, not a copper more in my pocket. There, take it. I send it to keep company in the till with others that have found their way into that snug little place since morning. They will be lonesome without their little friend.

Slade

Joe, I'll give you another drink, but its time you were home. Why cant you be good natured and behave like the rest that come in here?

Joe

You are a good man to give advice, you are Simon Slade--now you've got my last penny. No more use for me tonight. How apt the scholar is, our good friend Dusty Coat, in this new school. Well, he was a good miller, no one ever doubted that, and it is plain to see he is going to make a good saloon keeper. I thought his heart was a little soft, but the indurating process had begun, and in 10 years if he isn't as hard as one of his old mill stones, Joe Morgan is no prophet. Oh you needn't knit your brows friend Slade. We are old friends, and friends are privileged to speak plain.

Slade

You know one thing--Joe Morgan, if your

I have been a friend to you in days gone by!

Joe

That was before you turned Saloon keeper. You know Simon Slade, that my father owned the mill, where as boys we worked together. After the old mans death, when the property came into my possession you were in my employ. I left all my business in your hands. Bad associates led me into scenes of dissipation, I neglected my business, while you in your great thirst for gain, watched every chance to en-rich yourself at my expense. Time rolled on, and not content with wretchedness myself, I must get married and cause another fond heart to suffer. I contracted debts, and I know not how it was, but at the end of 10 years, Joe Morgan was no longer the owner of the mill. It came into the hands of his friend Simon Slade. Dark days then came upon my loving wife and child. Yet, in all the misery of my earthly lot, that wife was never anything but a loving fore-bearing angel, but Joe Morgan the drunkard, and powerless in the grasp of the Demon, has never hurt her with a cruel word.

Slade

Well, well Joe, dont talk about old times. Let bygones, be bygones. Maybe my heart is growing harder, I have heard you say Joe, that one of my weaknesses, was being too woman hearted.

Joe

No danger of that now. I've known a good many saloon keepers in my time, but I cant remember one that was troubled with the disease that once afflicted you!

Slade

Well, take a drink Joe, and forget the past.

Joe

(POUR OUT DRINK. HAS BACK TO DOOR. R. TAKE GLASS IN R. HAND & RAISE TO DRINK. MARY HAS ENTERED R.U. QUICKLY & QUIETLY. SHE GENTLY TAKES GLASS FROM MORGAN & THROWS LIQUOR ON FLOOR. PUT GLASS ON BAR. JOE TURNS & LOOKS AT HER. HIS HEAD SINKS ON BREAST)

Mary

Father, I have found you. Wont you please come home with me?

Joe

Blessings on you. My little one. Darkly shadowed is the sky that hangs gloomily over your dear young head.

Mary

Do please come home with me Father, and make me so happy. (MORGAN SINGS IN CHAIR R. MARY KNEELS & SINGS) "Oh father dear father come home with me now. The clock on the steeple strikes one, you said you were coming right home from the shop, as soon as your days work was done. Come home---come home---father dear father come home. (SLADE WHO IS BEHIND BAR. TURNS BACK ON SCENE. FRANK ENTERS L.U. & STANDS AT END OF BAR L.)

Joe

(AT END OF SONG. RISE & KISS MARY) Yes, my child, I'll go. (STOP AT DOOR) You have robbed me of my last penny, Simon Slade, but this treasure still remains. Fare-well friend Slade. Come dear one, come I'll go home with you. (THEY EXIT. R.U.)

Frank

(XS UP R) Dad, I'd pitch that fellow into the street the next time he comes here.

Slade

I wish he would stay away.

Frank

(TAKE UP PAPER. LOOK AT IT. SEATED ON EDGE OF TABLE) I'd make him stay away.

Slade

Thats easier said than done my son. I keep a public house, and cant say who shall or shall not come into it.

Frank

Well, its up to you. (LAUGH) Listen to this--Dad. (READ) Two men bet a third one that he didn't have a whole shirt to his back. The third man took him up then up. Then they sprung the joke, that he couldn't have a whole shirt to his back because half of the shirt was in front.

Slade

(LAUGHS) Thats a good one.

Slade

(WHISTLE OR SING OUTSIDE. R)

Here c

'll play the joke on him-----

Frank

Go ahead. (SEATED ON TABLE R)

Sample

(ENTER R.U)(WHISTLE)My throat is so damn dry, its taking all the pucker out of my whistle. Say Simon, how about the bones?

Slade

Not me, but I'll make you a bet.

Sample

Thats me. (SLADE LAUGHS)Whats on your mind Slade 'cept your hair?

Slade

How much money have you got Sample?

Sample

(TAKE OUT COINS) Sixty two cents.

Slade

Are you a game sport?

Sample

You bet. I'm thoroughly shrunk, and 36 inches wide.

Slade

(SMILE AT FRANK)I'll tell you what I'll do.I'll just bet you a drink of whiskey every day for a week, against your 62 cents,that you haven't a whole shirt to your back!

Sample

En? (REPEAT SLADE REPEATS BET)Gosh dern, I'll jest take that bet for luck.(PUT MONEY ON BAR.)I'll jest show~~slade~~ you.(START TO TAKE OFF COAT & VEST)

Slade

(LAUGH)Dont bother to take off your coat Sample.(LAUGH)You cant have a whole shirt to your back.(LAUGH)'Cause half of the shirt is in front.(LAUGH LOUD AS DOES FRANK)Thats the time I caught you Sample.Sorry. I dont like to beat an old friend, but---I need the money.(START TO PICK UP MONEY)

Sample

Wait, dont scoop up that money yet--we were betting that I didn't have a whole shirt to my back---is that the bet?

Slade

Yes, and I have just explained that you couldn't have-----

Sample

Well, I'll just explain that I could have.(QUICKLY TAKE OFF COAT & VEST AND SHOW A FOLDED SHIRT UNDER SUSPENDERS)There you are Simon. Thats the way I carry my shirts to the laundry to keep from having them in my hand, as I am very absent minded,and might lay it down and forget it.(PUT ON COAT & VEST. SLADE IS TAKEN BACK. FRANK KICKS SELF & GOES & TAKES BAR COAT & PUTS IT ON) Bout three fingers of yer ~~zax~~ red eye Slade.(POUR OUT & DRINK. SMACK LIPS) Great stuff, let me bee. One drink for a week coming to me.Sorry. I hate to beat an old friend--but, I need the booze.(TAKE MONEY FROM BAR & PUT IN POCKET)

Slade

(XS TO L)(U)You're too much for me Sample. I'll leave you in the hands of Frank. (EXIT L.U)

Sample

Say Frank, I'll bet you-----

Frank

Not me, you cant play me for a drink.You'll have to dig down and cough up.

Sample

Got a grouch aint you?

Frank

I've got no use for bums. They ruin a respectable house.

Sample

I reckon you mean me.

Frank

Oh you're alright Sample. But I was thinking of Joe Morgan.

Sample

Derned if I dont pity him!

Frank

I dont see anything to pity about such a miserable wretch as he
that little girl of him. If Morgan

my Dad. I'll kick him into the streets.

Sample

I reckon not, if I'm around.

Frank

What will you do about it?

Sample

Just this, if you ever lay your little finger on Joe Morgan. It will trouble the tailor to mend the hole in the seat of your Pantaloon.

Frank

Aw, you give me a pain.

Sample

You'll feel a pain if this here (RAISE FOOT) ever lands on you. (FRANK SITS BEHIND BAR. READING PAPER. MEHITABLE ENTERS R.U.E)

Mehitable

Oh Sample---I've found you!

Sample

I reckon I aint been lost! Well, what in thunder do you want?

Mehit

I'm afraid to go home in the dark!

Sample

Shoo---get out!

Mehit

Oh dear---oh dear---(COMIC WEEP)

Sample

Whats broke. Whats the matter with you Mehitable? Your eyes looks sprung a leak, or have you broken something you cant mend?

Mehit

Oh Sample---Sample.

Sample

Well, what of it. Spit it out, what is it.

Mehit

Sample. Sample! The black Knight is coming to carry me to his Enchanted Castle.

Sample

Is he? Well, I'll lick him I reckon before anyone can come to his assistance.

Mehit

With his deep blue eyes--- (READ DREAMY)

Sample

Blue? Well, I calculate they'll be black afore we part.

Mehit

And his sabre in his hand---

Sample

Yes, he'll find a cudgel about his head afore I get thru with him.

Mehit

He will bear me to his cavern---

Sample

I'll bet 10 dollars he dont carry you to no tavern.

Mehit

And there the Holy Priest---

Sample

Now look here Miss Cartright---I jest want to know in the name of heaven what are you talking about, as it were.

Mehit

Read that you stupid fool, and tell me if I have no cause for tears. (GIVE NOTE)

Sample

Hello. Got a letter aint you? (READ) "To the most beautiful woman in Cedarville" To gaze upon you is but to love you. Will you share my lot. Wonder if it is a corner lot? Will you be willing to leave these rural districts and fly far away where we can revel in the bliss of love together. Answer at once and relieve your devoted admirer---P.S. (SPEAK) By gawd, who is P.S? I've got it, no it isn't. Let me think. P.S---P.S---I've got it now. See here Miss Cartright, that aint no black Knight. As you call him---I know the dern skunk, and I'll fix him a dose what will relieve me suddenly.

Dont harm Alphonso.

Mehit

Sample

Who the duce said anything about Alphonso? I'm talking about another feller.

Mehit

Whoever he be, see that not a hair of his head is injured and I am forever yours.

Sample

You are alright. Go right along home, you're safe in the dark. The Black Knight wont harm you. I've got my eye on the dern sneak(LOOK AT FRANK)I'll take care of this letter.--Dont you fret about the matter.

Mehit

Generous man---I fly.(WAVE HANDS & MAKE FUNNY SIDE JUMPS)I fly--(SAME BUS)--
I fly.(SAME BUS) My noble hero!----

Sample

Oh you get out with your story book talk.

Mehit

Adieu---adieu---(JUMP THRU DOOR R)

Sample

A Jew---A Jew---I wonder if she was calling me a Jew?

Frank

(STOP READING)Say Switchell, is that your skirt?

Sample

(SWELL UP) Shes some gal, aint she?

Frank

I draw the line on her coming in here.

Sample

Yep, I reckon she come after me.

Frank

That cuts no figure.

Sample

Be you jealous?

Frank

Jealous?(LAUGH) Of you, or her?

Sample

Both.

Frank

Thats funny---you're a fool!

Sample

Fool. You dont say so. Well, since you're so derned wise, I want to get a little information from you.

Frank

This is my busy day, so cut out the speil.

Sample

I reckon not. You'll listen to what I say, or you and me will look horns.

Frank

(COME DOWN BLUSTERING) Whats that you say?

Sample

Oh you needn't swell up as tho' you were going to bust. You cant frighten me any more than you could Uncle Josh's bull calf. Talking of Uncle Josh's bull, Now I look at you, I'll be darned if you dont resemble that calf. Wan't any relation was he?

Frank

How dare you insult a gentleman?

Sample

A gentleman? Do you call yourself a gentleman? Old Uncle Kerosote used to say that a gentleman was a man of money, wit and manners. Now I dont think you have got either. You aint got no more principal about you than old Josh Wilkins, and he was so al-fired mean that he took his wifes coffin out of the window for fear he'd rub the paint off the bannisters. What did you write that letter to my Mehitable for?

Frank

I didn't write any letter to your Mehitable.

Sample

Thats a lie. I know!

Frank
What, do you mean to tell me I lie?

Sample

To be sure I do. And if you trouble my calico's doings any~~more~~ more, I'll breed a scab on your nose!

Frank

I can tell you one thing, if you interfere with my business, you will be sorry for it.

Sample

So I hear you say. Say Mr Gentleman, I dont know whether you believe in a hot place thats kept up in good shape waiting for the arrival of mashers like you but I do. And if the Devil dont treat you to a brimstone bath before long, he will neglect his business most confoundedly.

Frank

You take a tip from me. If you meddle with my affairs, I'll level you to the earth and spit on you as a country boob, beneath the notice of a gentleman.

Sample

Shew! You get! Well, you'd better get a spittoon big enough to hold the whole of your miserable carcass, for you'll find yourself stuck up in the middle of it, an awful warning to tobacco chewers.

Frank

(IN PASSION) You insulting dog, take that! (STRIKE AT HIM)

Sample

WARE OFF BLOW) I reckon not! (STRIKE FRANK. HE FALLS) Lay there till the cows come home. (FRANK JUMPS TO FEET. SLADE ENTERS L.U.E)

Slade

(SEE SITUATION) Hello, hello, whats the matter here. Did he strike you soh?

Frank

No a mule kicked me. I'll play even with you some other time you cowardly whelp. (TAKE OUT KERCHIEF & PUT TO FACE IN PAIN)

Sample

I reckon I wont run away, and if you ever monkey with me again, I'll hand you an upper cut and dern me---if you'll ever come back.

Slade

Keep cool Sample, Keep cool.

Sample

Keep cool? If that ere lovely son of yours ever starts a rough house with me, I'll fix him so they'll have to pack him in ice to keep him cool, or hot. I will by thunder! (EXIT R.U.E)

Slade

(GO BEHIND BAR) What was the trouble Frank?

Frank

Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies.

Slade

Is that the proper way to talk to your parent?

Frank

If you dont like it, you know what you can do. (SIT AT TABLE PLAY SOLITAIRE)

Joe

Here I am in spite of my promise to Mary to remain at home. In spite of my good resolutions I find myself once more in the "Sickie and Sheaf" what hope is there left for poor Joe Morgan? Every cent I get only makes me more anxious to reach this house to obtain that which will keep me from thinking of my miserable home and angel child. Here Slade, give me some whiskey. There--- there is more money for you---take it---

Slade

I wont give you any more liquor Joe, unless you keep quiet.

Joe

Well, I'll keep quiet.

Slade

Heres your liquor. (SET OUT GLASS & BOTTLE)

Joe

(PUT MONEY ON BAR. DRINK. SPEAK WITH A SNEER) You needn' be afraid that I disturb the quiet and peaceful dignity of your Majesty. (DRINK THEN SIT)

sit here by myself. Yes--yes--so it is. Let a man once fall--no matter when no matter how much he may have suffered--the good people of this world raise their hands, set up the long loud cry, and the poor inebriate dies when a timely hand might have saved him. No matter--no matter---

Slade

(DURING MORGAN'S SPEECH HAVE BEEN WATCHING FRANK PLAY SOL) Frank, I am afraid you are becoming too fond of cards.

Frank

What if I am? I often enjoy a social game in of cards in Harvey Green's room. But--there's no gambling.

Joe

No gambling--of course not--no danger--oh no--only a glass of wine, and a game of cards, but it doesn't stop there, and, well your father knows.

Frank

I am capable of taking care of myself.

Joe

I once thought so myself. I speak from sad experiences, and I know well the lurking snares that be-set all of those who visit the "Sickle and Sheaf" and indulge in a glass of wine, and a social game of cards.

Frank

(THROW DOWN CARDS, RISE) Father, throw that bum out!

Slade

(TURN TO MORGAN) It is time that you were at home. I'm expecting a social party tonight, and I don't want your evil presence here to mar our happiness.

Joe

Oh yes, I know I am an un-welcome guest. My presence displeases the refined miller---I beg your pardon---Landlord. He has become ashamed of his old friend.

Slade

Off with you Joe Morgan, I won't put up with your insolence any longer. Leave my house and never show your face here again. I won't have such low vagabonds as you here. If you can't keep decent, and stay decent, don't intrude yourself here.

Joe

You talk of decency---a rum sellers decency. Pooh! You were a decent man once, and a good miller in the bargain. But that time is past and gone, decency died out when you exchanged the pick and facing hammer for the gladd and muddler. Decency!!! Pooh! How like a fool you talk, as if it were any more decent to sell rum, than to drink it.

Slade

I've heard enough from you. (GO TO BAR. TAKE UP GLASS) Now, leave my house!

Joe

(R.H.) No, I won't!

Slade

You won't---take that, then! (THROW GLASS. IT PASSES MORGAN OUT R.U.E. MARY SCREAMS. RUNS IN R.U.E. FOREHEAD BLOODY)

Mary

Father, dear father, they have killed me. (TURN AS YOU GET NEAR JOE. STIFFEN & FALL HE CATCHES YOU AND LAYS YOU ON FLOOR)

Joe

(OVER BODY OF MARY) Mary, Mary, ---speak to me! (FRANTIC. RISES TO FEET) Simon Slade, Villian, murderer, your career of Landlord sin shall be short, for here I swear over the body of my murdered child, you shall die the death of a dog. (PIANO MUSIC P.P. MORGAN SEIZE SLADE. THEY STRUGGLE. MORGAN THROWS HIM IN TO L. CORNER. RUSHES TO GET CHAIR. RAISES TO STRIKE HIM AS FRANK GRABS CHAIR FROM BEHIND & HOLDS IT. ...PICTURE....)

C U R T A I N .

ACT TWO.

MORGANS HOME. SCENE. OLD KITCHEN. COUCH & BED CLOTHES C..STOOL SIDE OF BED IN FRONT. SMALL TABLE AT HEAD OF BED. MEDICINE BOTTLES. GLASS ETC. CHAIR L. MARY ON COUCH. BANDAGE ABOUT HEAD. MORGAN L. PUTTING ON COAT. AT RISE OF CURTAIN.

Mary

Dont go out tonight father. Please dont go---you know I cant come after you now.

Morgan (JOE)

(PAUSE. THEN PUT COAT & HAT ON CHAIR)Well---I wont go out. (CHAIR IS L)

Mary

Come and sit near me dear father.

Joe

(SIT ON STOOL AT SIDE OF COUCH)Yes, dear Mary.(NERVOUS. STARTS)

Mary

Why father, you are trembling like a leaf.

Joe

I'm nervous my child, and there are strange visions before my eyes.

Mary

Be brave, remember, God is near you. He is all love, and will watch over, and protect you.

Joe

It is that thought that gives me courage to fight this terrible battle.

Mary

I'm so glad you wont go out tonight.

Joe

~~Joe~~(TAKE HER HAND)How very hot your hand is. Does your head ache?

Mary

A little, but it will soon be better. Father, I wish you would promise me something

Joe

What is it?

Mary

That you will never go into Simon Slades bar,room againx any more.

Joe

I wont go there tonight dear. So let your heart be at rest.

Mary

Oh thank you--I wont worry now. I will rest contented. You know the Dr said I was to keep very still.

Joe

Yes--yes, that is to avoid you having a ralapse.

Mary

Are you feeling better father?

Joe

(NERVOUS)A little--a little my child. But my constitution is broken as well as my heart, when I see what you suffer, I feel as tho' my reason was leaving me. It is now 5 hours since I have tasted liquor, and I have been the slave so long of un-natural stimulants that all vitality is lost without it. Oh God, what a wretched slave to whiskey I have become.

Mary

Father, if I should die----

Joe

(STARTS) Die? Dont talk like that my child.

Mary

Oh Mr Slade threw it so hard, but it didn't strike you father, oh how it would have hurt you. Father, if I should die--you will not forget the cause of my death, not the hand that dealt the blow.

Joe

Forget it? Never! And if I ever forgive Simon Slade---

Mary

You'll not forget where the blow was struck--nor the promise you have made me.

Joe

No--No--No--(IN DELIRIUM)Look! Mary---what is that---in the corner?(POINT R)

Mary
(LOOKS) There is nothing there Father.

(12)

Joe

There is I tell you, I can see as well as you. A huge snake, his eyes are glaring at me, and now---now he is leaping, dancing and shouting with joy to think the drunkards house has come. Keep off--keep off.(THROW HIMSELF BEHIND COUCH)

Mary

(REACH OVER TO TABLE AT HEAD OF BED. TAKE GLASS ABOUT ONE THIRD WATER. WITH SPOON)
(PUT IN MEDICINE) The medicine the Dr left for him.(STIR WITH SPOON)

Joe

(RISE & KNEEL BACK OF COUCH)Quick, jump out of bed Mary--see--the snake is right over your head.

Mary

There is no snake here father, it is only your fancy. Besides nothing can hurt you here.

Joe

Thats true, for this is your room, and you are my guardian angel.

Mary

Here, drink this father.

Joe

Is it liquor?

Mary

No--no, it is something the Dr left for you.

Joe

I must have whiskey.

Mary

You must not have liquor, even if you should die for the want of it. Drink it please, and you will soon feel better.

Joe

(DRINK. HAND TREMBLING. SINK HEAD ON BED.) Oh Mary, Mary!

Mary

(TAKE GLASS & PLACE BACK ON TABLE)When the Dr was here, he was afraid that you were going to have another attack of that horrible delerium and he left a powerful opiate for me to give to you to fight it off.(PUT HAND ON HIS HEAD)
Father?

Joe

(NERVOUS. LOOKS UP) Yes--yes my child.

Mary

You are not afraid now?

Joe

No---because that horrible vision has left me, my nerves are not so shattered and I feel safe.

Mary

Father, I love you so much--you have always been so good to little Mary.

Joe

Oh no---I have never been good to anyone. Not even to myself.

Mary

You haven't been good to yourself, but you have always been good to me.

Joe

Dont Mary---dont say anything about that. Say I have always been very bad. I only wish that I was as good as you are. I'd like to die then, and go right away from this wicked old world.I wish there was no liquor to drink--no bar x rooms--I wish--I wish--I was dead.

Mary

Father, listen to little Mary.

Joe

What is it dear?

Mary

If I should fall asleep, you promise me not to go out, for I wont be strong enough to go after you.

Joe

Dont think of that my dear. I'm not going out in the evening, any more. Until you get well. Dont you remember, I promised?

Yes, I know but---

Mary

Joe

What, dear?

Mary

If I should leave you. If Our Heavenly Father calls me---

Joe

(PATHOS)What shall I do when you are gone? Let me die too!

Mary

Haven't I tried to help you to be good? Oh so many times--but it wasn't any use. You would go out, you would go to the bar-room. It seemed almost as if you could not help it.

Joe

It was my mad craving thirst for liquor.

Mary

Oh father, I dreamed something about you while I slept.

Joe

What was it dear?

Mary

I thought it was night, and I was still sick--you promised not to go out again, until I was well. But you did go out and I thought you went over to Mr Slades saloon. When I knew this, I felt as strong as when I was well, and I got up and dressed myself, and started out after you. At last I came to Mr Slades saloon, and there you stood father in the door, and you were dressed so nice, you had on a new hat, and a new coat, and your shoes were new, and shined ever so bright. I said Oh Father, is this you, and then you took me in your arms and kissed me, and said, yes Mary, this is your real father. Not Old Joe Morgan, but Mr Morgan now. It seemed all so strange, for there wasn't any bar-room there any longer, but a store full of goods, and over the door I read the name, Father. Oh I was ever so glad, so glad that I awoke, and then I cried all to myself, for it was only a dream.

Joe

That dream my dear child, shall become a reality for here I promise that, God helping me, I will never go out at night again, for a bad purpose.

Mary

Do you indeed promise that?

Joe

Yes, and more.

Mary

What?

Joe

I'll never go into a bar-room again.

Mary

Never?

Joe

Yes, and what is still more, I will never drink another drop of liquor as long as I live.

Mary

(RISE IN SITTING POSITION)Oh this is indeed happiness. It gives me strength to leave you, and go to my Heavenly Father, because I know you will never break your word to me. Kiss me Father dear.(PUT ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK. AS.

C U R T A I N .

ACT THREE TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM. (14)

SCENE. INTERIOR OF SICKLE & SHEAF. EVERYTHING IN A DILAPIDATED CONDITION. BOTTLES GONE. CIGARS OUT. BOXES & CHAIRS UP TURNED. TRICK BOTTLE ON BAR. SLADE IN THIS SCENE IS BLOATED. FRANK IS SEEDY. BEARD UN CUT. DIRTY SHIRT ON. IS SMOKING. SLADE DISC. AT RISE. BEHIND BAR. TAKING DRINK. ONE EYE OUT.)

Slade

Frank, Frank. Where the devil is that boy? He^d turned out just like everything else. All gone to ruin together. There never lived a man that tried harder to get an honest living than I have. And yet everything has worked against me. What in the devil is the use of trying to be honest and upright, I have tried it and failed----it's all a humbug. If I had my life to live over again, I'd cheat, steal, lie, do anything that would better my condition. (ENTER SAMPLE. R.U. SAMPLE IS SEEDY. SHOWS EFFECT FROM DRINKING)

Sample

Hello Slade!

Slade

Is that you Sample?

Sample

What there is left of me. Hows yourself?

Slade

I'm alive, and thats about all!

Sample

Wall----you look it!

Slade

These blamed temp'rance people have ruined everything.

Sample

Jest so----jest so.

Slade

Cedarville, aint what it was. Cuss the temp'rance folks---they've ruined me.

Sample

Jest so.

Slade

They have hounded me to the earth, but I'll fight 'em to the bitter end! Cuss the temp'rance folks I say---

Sample

Jest so. Do you know Slade that I have been thinking----

Slade

Of what?

Sample

That it's a long time between drinks. And my throat feels as if two fingers and a half of Holland Gin would ease up my hankering.

Slade

(PUT OUT BOTTLE & GLASS) There you are.

Sample

(POUR OUT DRINK) This is your best?

Slade

Sure Sample.

Sample

Well, heres looking toward ye Simon.

Slade

Drink hearty Sample.

Sample

(START TO DRINK. FAKE FACE OF DISGUST) Say Simon, would it be too much trouble if I ask ye to change this gin for a little old red eye?

Slade

Not a bit----anything to please a good customer.

Sample

Thats the ticket. (POUR GIN BACK IN BOTTLE)

Slade

(SET OUT ANOTHER BOTTLE & PUT GIN BOTTLE ON SHELF) Heres your red eye.

Sample

(POUR OUT. START TO DRINK. GAGS) I reckon this is sure death. (DRINK. AFTER EFFORT)

That's good liquor Sample.

Slade

I reckon so. If it don't kill me--well so long Simon.(START R)

Slade

Here, wait a minute, haven't you forgotten something?

Sample

No I reckon not.(BUS OF LOOKING HIMSELF OVER)No, I guess not Simon.

Slade

You didn't pay me for that whiskey.

Sample

Didn't I swap you the gin for the whiskey?

Slade

(AFTER THOUGHT)Yes, but you didn't pay for the gin!

Sample

Well, I didn't drink the gin, did I?

Slade

(SCRATCH HEAD. THEN SHAKE IT. HE DONT GET THE IDEA. FRANK ENTERS L.U.SMOKING)

Frank

Look here old man, what are you loafing about here for? Go out and cut some wood. I want you to build a fire in the front room.

Slade

Sample----that's my son.

Sample

I wouldn't own him!

Slade

Since his mother died, I've lost control over him. He's fallen into bad company, and insults the father that was good to him.(WEEP) He is breaking my heart.

Frank

Aw--you make me foot sore and weary! If you don't like the way I hand things out to you, why beat it. Don't interfere with me, or my affairs--or you'll get what's coming to you. That reminds me, I met old Squire Hargrave, and he threatened to prosecute me if we sold his son any more liquor.

Slade

There you are--those temp'rance cranks are at it again. Why my trade is to sell liquor.

Frank

Well, I don't want any trouble with old Hargraves, and we've got to cut out selling his kid any more liquor. So take it from me, if you want to land behind the bars, go ahead. Not me--I'm fighting shy!

Slade

To think that I should raise a son, that won't fight for his personal liberty. That's a coward!

Frank

Don't call me a coward, I won't stand for it. See?

Slade

Then don't be impudent to your father!!!!

Frank

Shut up, I'm tired of hearing you whine!!!!

Slade

(IN PASSION)You---you--dare!(RAISE HAND IN THE AIR)

Frank

Don't raise your hand to me, even if you are my father I'll swipe you on the jaw!

Slade

You're a brute!

Frank

Am I? Then take that!(RUSH TO STRIKE SLADE.SAMPLE STEPS BETWEEN THEM. TAKE FRANK BY THROAT & FORCE HIM TO HIS KNEES)

Sample

No you don't. If you make another attempt to strike that old man, I'll wring your neck off quicker than you can make a gin cock-tail.(THROW HIM R)

Frank

(RISE TO FEET)Damnation!!!!

Oh you can swear to your hearts content. It wont hurt anyone but yourself.
You'll spoil soon enough without swearing.

Frank

I'll get you yet!!!

Sample

I reckon so---if I'm asleep! Come on. Spit on me!!(WORK GAG AD LIBX AS PER ACT ONE)

Slade

There there boys, lets not have any hard feelings. Come Sample, have a drink.

Sample

I dont care if I do!

Slade

You're my friend Sample, and welcome to the best in the house.(SET OUT BOT & GLASS)

Sample

And that is sure death!

Slade

Help yourself!

Sample

I dont care if I do.(POUR OUT & RAISE GLASS TO LIPS. STOP & LOOK AT LIQUOR.
MAKE WRY FACE. AS IF SICK. DISGUSTED. PUT GLASS ON BAR)Excuse me, I've sworn
off.(X. R. SLADE COMES FROM BEHIND BAR. FRANK XS TO BAR)

Slade

You dont mean it Sample?

Sample

Yep, I've taken my last drink. I'm going to keep my word, given to Mr Morgan
and sign the pledge.

Slade

Cuss them temp'rance people. Cuss that drunkard Joe Morgan, he's trying to
ruin my business--a respectable man has no chance here to get an honest
living, just as I have always said, everyone for himself, and the Devil for us all.

Sample

Well, I guess you can have my share of the Devil Slade. I have dissolved partner-
ship with you. Your whiskey has been oozing out thru my veins long enough, and
the fact is, every time I look at you--I'm afraid of spontaneous combustion,
and I dont want to be around when you deliver up the papers.

Frank

Out that out, you cant come in here and insult my father!

Slade

Keep quiet Frank.

Frank

Aw chase yourself, and dont interfere with me.(TAKE UP TRICK BOTTLE)

Slade

You have drank enough already today. Put up that brandy bottle.

Frank

(BRINKING)I cant do it my amiable friend.

Slade

Now Frank, I dont want to use violence. I command you to put it up.

Frank

I wont.

Slade

Then I'll make you! You are drunk as a fool now. Put it up!(GO TO FRANK)

Frank

Keep off I say. Dont make me strike you!

Slade

(SEIZES FRANK)Give me that bottle.

Frank

Let me go, or I'll knock you down---you wont?(HIT HIM OVER HEAD WITH TRICK BOT.
BREAKING IT. SLADE FALLS R.C. FRANK L.O. APPALLED)

vSample

(OVER SLADE)Frank Slade, you have killed your own father.

C U R T A I N .

ACT FOUR. OF TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM. THE MORGAN HOME. PAGE (17)
HANDSOME INTERIOR. EASY CHAIR. L. SOFA R. DRESSED AD LIB. AT RISE. MEHITABLE
ENTER R.U.E. READING BOOK OR PAPER.)

Mehitable.

(EXTRAVAGANTLY) As the maiden with the alabaster brow looked into the liquid blue eyes of her sweetheart, she exclaimed, "Clarence, dear, I am yours forever" He, with a mad, fond embrace seized her in his strong arms, and planted on her cherry lips red lips, the kisses that united them forever. (ALOUD) Oh isn't that nice. I have read that over '77 times, and I know it by heart. Oh how my heart goes pit-a-pat. Oh I wish I had a sweetheart. (SAMPLE ENTERS R.U.)

Sample

That's me!

Mehit

(JUMP & HIDE BOOK IN POCKET) Oh Sample, how you scared me!

Sample

Jest so!

Mehit

Where have you been, I have been looking all over the world for you.

Sample

You travel faster than the telegraph then, for it aint more than an hour since I left you peelin' onions and cryin' as if you had lost your pet ki-yoo-dle.

Mehit

Sample, you have no tender passions.

Sample

Mehit, my system is chuck full of it. You know what I was hinting to you last night.

Mehit

Yes, I do, and much good may it do you. What have you done with all my books? Where is my "Fair one of the the Golden locks"?

Sample

I spread her all over with strengthening plaster and put her on the back of Mr Morgans one horned cow.

Mehit

So, you great clumsy brute, you've destroyed all my books have you?

Sample

Say Mehitable---whats the use of you making such a cussed fool out of yourself? Why cant you take example from me, and be something?

Mehit

Be something? You're a nice one to talk. You are drinking rum from morning till night. You're a disgrace to everybody!

Sample

No sich thing. I've knocked off!

Mehit

You have?

Sample

I've signed the pksgrx pledge. Mr Morgan has bought me a new suit, and I am going to work for him at the mill. (AD LIB BUS. ABOUT SUIT YOU HAVE ON) (PER YOUR ABILITY)

Mehit

Oh Sample, I'm so happy.

Sample

Now, jest give up all your old novels, and I'll give up all the rum, and we shall be better able to come to some mutual understanding. You see, I want you to assist me in a little enterprise that I am going in to.

Mehit

What is it Sample?

Sample

I've been talking to old Justice Smith a good deal, lately, about improving the stock in this vicinity. Old Slade has managed to kill off about two thirds of the population. Now I'm going to do my share towards building up the town. And I want you to go into joint partnership with mt.

Mehit

Pshaw---how foolish you talk!

Sample

That's your opinion is it? Well, you needn't fret about it. Tain't no matter

I've fooled away my time about long enough, and I've made up my mind to get married, and if you wont have me, I'll go down to Sam Walkers house, and make love to his old black cook. I've got to stay at home nights now, and I'll be cussed if I am going to stay alone!

Mehit

I didn't say I wouldn't have you!

Sample

No, and you didn't say you would. Whats the use tormenting a feller to death before you get spliced. I should like to know where you could get a better, handsomer, and more durable article than I am. Warranted to wear, run-proof, and to stick to you thru life, closer than a bee to a honey-comb. ~~xRxxx~~ Sp--Sppp---spit it out--will you become Mrs Switchell, or not?

Mehit

Law Sample, you know I couldn't refuse.

Sample

Thats the talk, and you're my calico. Lets cut off a remnant to bind the bargain. (KISS HER) Hold on a minute. A remnant aint enough. I'll take half a yard. (KISS AGAIN) By chowder, I would like to measure up a whole cotton factory in the same way. I'll take another yard. (KISS HER)

Mehit

Sample, you make me blush! (START R) Goodbye----

Sample

Are you going?

Mehit

Theres a thousand things for me to do. I cant stay here and trifle with you.

Sample

Hold on a minute, you forgot something.

Mehit

(RETURNING) What is it?

Sample

A spool of thread to sew that pattern together. (KISS HER. COMEDY. ALL THRU)

Mehit

I should be ashamed --- (EXIT R.U.E)

Sample

If her breath aint sweeter than "Law-de-cologne" I aint no judge of liquor, thats all. I should like to have about 6 ~~years~~ yards more of that ~~same~~ same piece of calico. I feel a darn sight better since I've settled matters with her, and better since I've bid farewell to brandy, gin and toddies. 'T-was hard work to part with 'em, I've writ a few lines and as we seem to be alone, I dont mind stretchin' em out a little. (SONG INTRODUCED TO LENGTHEN OUT PREFORMANCE. GIVE MEHITABLE A CHANGE TO CHANGE) (USE SONG AD LIB) (EXIT R.U)

Mrs Morgan.

(ENTER L.U. BOTH A LITTLE GREY. HANDSOMELY DRESSED. MRS. HOLDING JOE MORGANS ARM. & LOOKING INTO HIS FACE) Why Joe, you are so quiet.

Joe

I have been thinking my dear.

Mrs

(SMILES) Of me?

Joe

(G) Always of you-----and her.

Mrs

Then I am very dear to you?

Joe

Since she went away, (LOOK UP) You are my very life----my happiness. (KISS HER)

Mrs

Joe I am afraid that you will make me vain, in my old age.

Joe

(LAUGH) No danger of that. (X. & SIT IN CHAIR L. SHE SITS ON FOOTSTOOL AT HIS FEET)

Mrs

Now, tell me what you were thinking;

Joe

Of the past----my promise given to Mary.

(DREAMY) Never to touch liquor again.

Joe

Yes, and have I not faithfully lived up to that promise?

Mrs

Yes you have. And the years have rolled by like some sweet dream adding every day some new joy to our happy home. And I know, that, Mary looking down on us, is happy and contented.

Joe

You have heard of the death of Simon Slade.

Mrs

Yes, was it not horrible?

Joe

I shudder when I think of the dangers to which I have been exposed. 10 years ago, there was not a happier spot than Cedarville. 10 years ago there was a kind hearted miller in Cedarville, liked by everyone in Bolton County, and as harmless as a child, now his bloated corpse lies in a lonely room, in a house that he, himself made wretched. ~~xxxxxx~~ His son in a felons cell. 10 years ago Judge Hammond was accounted the richest man in Cedarville, today he is the un-mourned occupant of a paupers grave. What is the cause of all this? A direful pestilence is in the air--it walketh at night and wasteth at noon-day--it is slaying the first-born in our homes, and the cry of anguish is swelling on every gale. Is there no remedy?(SAMPLE & MEHIT ENTER. 2. U. E)

Sample

I should say yes--sartin there was.

Joe

You are right--there is, Sample, a remedy. But you must cut off the fountain, if you would dry up the stream. If we would save the young, the innocent--we must cover them up from the tempter, for they can no more resist the ~~tempter~~ assaults, than the lamb can resist the wolf. They are helpless, if you abandon them to the power of evil. Let us, then one and all, resolve this night that the traffic shall cease in Bolton County. A large majority of the people will vote in favor of such a measure. Look at Simon Slade, the happy kind hearted miller, and Simon Slade the tavern keeper. Was he benefited by the liberty to work harm to his neighbor? In heavens name, the traffic must cease.

Sample

~~Tatax~~ Thats just my opinion exactly. I have formed myself in a committee of one to put down all the trade thats in my power. Taint long ago Squire since I was arguing with you on the subject. I thought moderate drinking was alright. Wall I suppose it is well enough until I got a swillin' the stuff down for a living then I found it pooty tough. I tried to git rid of all the liquor I could, to prevent any further mischief, but as fast as I managed to empty one barrel old Slade would fill up another. I worked faithfully for 7 years to worry it down, and I've found there was always a little left, so I concluded to knock off, and call it a half a day.

Joe

Sample, you like myself have been freed from the terrible curse. I have lived to see and suffer all the evils that cling around a drunkards home. I have lived to see hearthstones deserted, men shorn of their manliness, women from whose white cheeks sorrow has crushed the roses. Children across the golden thresh-hold of whose lives, trails the black shadow of a fathers shame. I have seen frightful death-bed scenes where the frothing lips and bloodshot eye, the distorted ~~figures~~ features and the delerious shrieks told the fierce agony of the departed soul, and as my shuddering glance takes in the feeble outline of the revolting spectacle, I know how much of the great sea of human crime, want and woe, pour thru the slender channel of that one word. DRUNKARD!

Mrs

Words cannot describe the joy I feel to see you thru redeemed. If I love can shield you, you are safe. For my heart will ever prove constant.

Joe

Restored once more to happiness. Let us hope that others may learn a useful lesson from our past experiences, and that none will regret deducting from the calander of their lives, the ten nights in a bar-room, as some poor stranger

wrecked upon the coast, with fear and wonder, views the danger past.

Sample

Held on a moment, till I try my hand. I'll raise my standard, spread it bold
and high. Down with whiskey----root hog or die.

Mahit

Oh Sample.

Sample

Oh Me-hit-i-bul! (THEY ENBRACE. MA MRS HANDS JOE A GLASS OF WATER. HE DRINKS)
C U R T A I N .